Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root[9].
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves ? who dies[5] that bears Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift[1]?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table> with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves^ each singles out an Amazon^ and all dance,, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies[a], Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

from Cicero pro Murena, 6 : " Nemo enira fere *saltat* sobrius, nisi forte *insanit"* STEEVENS.

9 Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madness,* as may be made appear from *this pomp,,* exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots.* When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not express *resemblance*[3] but *equality.* Apemantus does not mean to say that the glory of this life was like madness., but it *was just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be., when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher. M. MASON.

i —of their friends' gift?] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

a — FAIR ladies.] I should wish to read, for the sake of metre —*fairest* ladies. *Fair,* however, may be here used as a dissyllable. STEEVENS,